

The history

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch egge.

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus* I am thwarted quite,  
From my great purpose into morrowes battell,  
Here is a letter from Queene *Hecuba*;  
A token from her daughter my faire loue  
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe:  
An oth that I haue sworne: I wil not breake it,  
Fall Greekes, sayle fame, honour or go or stay,  
My maior vow lies here; this ile obay,  
Come, come, *Thersites* help to trim my tent?

This night in banquetting must al be spent, away *Patroclus*.

Ther. With to much bloud, and to little braine, these two  
may run mad, but if with to much braine and to little bloud,  
they do ile be a curer of mad-men, her's *Agamemnon*, an ho-  
nest fellow inough, and one that loues quailles, but hee has  
not so much braine as care-wax, and the goodly transfor-  
mation of *Iupiter* there, his be the Bull, the primitive statue,  
and oblique memorial of cuck-olds, a thrifty shooing-horne  
in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is,  
should wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte,  
turne him to: to an Asse, were nothing hee is both Asse and  
Oxe, to an Oxe were nothing, her's both Oxe and Asse, to be  
a day, a Moyle, a Cat, a Fichooke, a Fode, a Lezard, an Oule,  
a Puttock, or a Herring without a rowe. I would not care,  
but to bee *Menelaus* I would conspire against destiny, aske  
me what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*, for I care not to  
be the Louse of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*—hey-day  
sprites and fires.

Enter *Agam*: *Ulysses*, *Nestor* and *Diomed* with lights.

*Ag*. We go wrong we goe wrong.

*Ajax*. No, yonder tis there where we see the lights.

*Hell*. I trouble you.

*Ajax*. No not a whit.

*Uly*. Here comes himselfe to guide you.

*Achil*. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

*Ag*. So now faire Pince of Troy, I bid God night,

*Ajax* commands the guard to tend on you.

*Hell*. Thanks and good night to the Greekes generall.

*Ag*. Good night my Lord.

*Hell*.

of *Troilus* and

*Hell*. Good night sweet Lord

*Ther*. Sweet draught, sweet qu

*Achil*. Good night and welcom

tarry. *Ag*. Good night.

*Achil*. Old *Nector* carries, and y

Keepe *Hector* company an hour

*Dio*. I cannot Lord, I haue imp

The tide whereof is now, good

*Hell*. Giue me your hand.

*Uly*. Follow his torch, he goes

company. *Troy*. Sweet sir y

*Hell*. And so good night.

*Achil*. Come, come, enter my

*Ther*. That same *Diomed* a fal

iust knaue, I will no more trust

will a serpent when hee hisses, h

promise like brabler the hound

tronomers foretell it, it is prod

change, the Sonne borrowes c

keepees his word, I will rather

to dog him, they say hee keepees

traytor *Calcas* tent. Ile after--

continent varlots.

*Dio*. What are you vp here ho

*Dio*. *Diomed*, *Chalcas* I thinke

*Cal*. She comes to you.

*Uly*. Stand, where the torch n

*Troy*. *Cressid* comes forth to h

*Dio*. How now my charge.

*Cres*. Now my sweet gardian,

*Troy*. Yea so familiar?

*Uly*. Shee will sing any man

*Ther*. And any man may sing

she's noted. *Dio*. Will y

*Cal*. Remember yes:

*Dio*. Nay but do then and let

*Troy*. What shall she rememb

*Cres*. Sweet hony Greeke to